

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buc-  
krom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Falst.* Their points being broken,

*Poinss.* Downe fell his horse.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the elenen I paid.

*Prim.* O monstrous! eleven buckrom men growne out of two!

*Falst.* But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten  
knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me,  
for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prim.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeson obscene greasie tallow-catch.

*Falst.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What sayest thou to this?

*Poines.* Come, your reason, Jacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prince. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zblood you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you stockefish : O for breath to vtter ! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou  
halt tired thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poynes.* Marke, Lacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe : then did wee two set on you foure, and with a

word, outface't you from your prize, & haue it, yea,  
you here in the house: and Falstaffe, you carried you  
as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for me  
run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calse. What a flat  
hacke thy sword as thou hast done? and then say it  
What trickes? what deuike? what starting hole can  
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent

*Poin.* Come, lets heare, lacke, what tricke haft th

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that may  
heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kill the hee  
should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou art  
valiant as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the Lyon with  
the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was  
instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and  
ring my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a  
but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money  
clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow  
lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all the titles of good  
come to you. What, shall we be merrie, shall we haue  
tempore?

*Prim.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy run.

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hal, & thou louest me. *A*

*Ho. O Iefu, my Lord thê Prince!*

*Prin.* How now, my Lady the hostesse, what faist

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court  
would speake with you : he saies, he comes from your

*Prin.* Give him as much, as will make him a roya  
send him backe againe to my mother,

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight  
giue him his answere?

*Prin.* Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send hi

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now fir, birlady you fought faire, so did y  
did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vp  
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

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